

*J. Butts*

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XV.]

Saturday, April 25. 1812.

[NO. 1.

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF

BELGRADE.

The unhappy story of Mariana was a common topic in Sarragossa. Don Vincent, Bernard's companion, talked much of her on the way to the convent: he had known her intimately, and was lavish in praise of her beauty and accomplishments. Delighted as he was at this additional spur to the éclat which should celebrate the success of his scheme, Bernard was secretly jealous of the warmth of Vincent's eulogy. The ceremony had commenced before they reached the convent. The gloomy silence which prevailed—the crowd of visitors, the solemn music, and the murmuring vibration of harmonious sound filled the soul of the impassioned Bernard with indescribable enthusiasm. His eye wandered over the extensive group officiating at the altar; but though in imagination was engraven the likeness of Mariana, she was a perfect stranger to him. Much he wished for information; but fearing to betray his feelings, he

was reluctantly compelled to desist. At that moment the music ceased. The silence of midnight crept through the aisles—suddenly a voice tempered with celestial melody burst upon his ear. The vast concourse were electrified by the divine minstrel, and the general murmur of awakened ecstacy, half-drowned the master-piece of music's art. One voice near to Bernard sighed forth the name of Mariana.

'Tis she!' exclaimed don Vincent. 'By heaven tis Mariana!'

As if she had caught the expression, the eyes of the performer were thrown around, and caught those of Bernard. Comparing reality with the portrait already formed by his imagination, he was now persuaded 'twas so. He would have flown to her, clasped her in his fond embrace and borne away the prize; but recollecting where he was, he could only feast upon the lovely countenance, which seemed to blush conscious of the confession it bespoke. Rioting amid the transports of his feelings, the ceremony ended before he fancied it had well begun. The nuns and the noviciates now open

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ed a passage to the altar, that those who were disposed might demand the benediction of St. Clare. Now was the moment for him to convey his letter into the hands of Mariana. Don Vincent indignant at the farce, declined to follow; but Bernard was resolved. Mariana stood close to where he knelt. Her hand hung by her side; he felt it! 'twas openly inviting! and while all around were struck with the singular piety of the soldier, he saw her take unnoticed the paper that should decide his fate. Elated at this happy presage to his hopes, he rose and measured back his steps: unwilling to retire, yet fearful of creating suspicion by his stay, he knew not what to do. He had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, and prudence should have guided his retreat: but secreting himself within an adjoining aisle, he stood a curious spectator what would follow.

His letter was couched in appropriate epithet. It breathed the copious purity of his passion, without rising to the language of romance. It began by commiserating her wayward destiny: dwelt upon the privations of a cloister: the immorality of a voluntary abandonment of the duties society demands. His own situation in life was stated to afford a prospect of happiness to one who could dispense with superfluity: concluding with an avowal of his passion, and an offer of his hand.

No one ever applied to St. Clare in vain: and the pious auditory, fraught with cheering consolation, were fast retreating to their several homes. The nuns filed off to their several cloisters. The novices closing the procession, completed the solemn festival of the day. No one remained, save the abbess and an elder nun. Bernard began to fear the indiscretion of which he had been guilty. Retreat he could not without observation: and to remain an eye-witness of their private penance, was a stretch of dishonorable curiosity:—add to this, the character of the abbess was not unknown to him. If report might be credited, she was a woman of an austere, inflexible, and resentful mind. To be observed was enough to create suspicion: and armed with the strong power of ecclesiastical tyranny, she might hurl upon his head the terrible vengeance of the Inquisition.

Inconsiderate as was Bernard's delay in accompanying the auditory from the convent, his only crime was that of anxious curiosity; but from his knowledge of the character of the abbess, he felt the danger of his rashness. Suspicions once fixed upon him, the bloodhounds of the holy office would be unkennelled; no retreat were a sanctuary of protection; he would be dragged from his concealment, hurried to instant confinement, thence to the wheel to expiate, in excruciating torments, an imagina-

ry crime. Bernard's inquietude, however, subsided for a moment, and his whole attention called to the dialogue which ensued :

*Abbess.* —Did you remark too, Agnes, the unqualified approbation of the auditory while she sung the anthem Francisco composed for my inauguration ?

*Agnes.* I did—nor can I refuse my concurrence in their taste.—her voice is melody itself—her manners pleasing, her features beautiful, her shape majestic—she was destined to shine in—

*Abbess.* Cease, sister, cease !—you are ever taking part against me. Attend my pleasure, my commands, if you please—recollect the difficulty I have had to detain her in the convent, and my resolution that she shall receive the veil—

*Agnes.* I was merely accounting for the plaudits of the auditory. I am not ignorant of your determination, nor can you say I have shown the slightest disposition to thwart your wishes.

*Abbess.* I do not like the prying curiosity of our brother of St. Francis of late—

*Agnes.* You allude to Miguel ?

*Abbess.* Yes, him I mean. I begin to suspect him, sister. 'Twas but yesterday he repeated his threat of discovering the secret to

her relations, if I persisted I hate Miguel—dont you too Agnes ?

*Agnes.* Why—to be sure, one should hate—

*Abbess.* You hesitate ! I tell you I hate Miguel as much as I did his predecessor. He would do well to desist. The fool knows me not, nor how easy I o'erthrew the wary Francisco.

*Agnes.* Ah ! poor Francisco—

*Abbess.* Sister ! no more of this. What ! am I ever to be the subject of your reproof ? Is this the return to the confidence I have condescended to repose in you ?—Had I not confessed to you the innocence of Francisco, would you have regretted his punishment ? Once I liked him well enough tis true—that liking lasted while he gratified my unruly appetite. True, his favors were the consequence of my deep plotting artifice. Long he resisted the tempting blandishments I strewed before his cold indifference, till at length impatient of restraint I gave a loose to passion ; and throwing aside the characteristic modesty of our sex, meanly I descended to be the beggar of his person. I had still the remains of beauty :—shaken were his plighted vows. I beheld him struggle amid the violent contentions of the soul and body ; till at length, delirious with the intoxicating fever, he yielded a willing partner of my pleasure.

(To be Continued.)

## CRAZY ROBIN.

*A Tale.*

In yonder cave, lived a poor man, who generally went by the name of Crazy Robin. In his youth he was very industrious, and married my father's dairy-maid : a girl deserving of such a good husband. For some time they continued to live very comfortably ; their daily labour procured their daily bread ; but Robin, finding it was likely he should have a large family, borrowed a trifle to add to the small pittance they had saved in service and took a little farm in a neighbouring county. I was then a child.

Ten or twelve years after, I heard that a crazy man, who appeared very harmless, had, by the side of the brook, piled a great number of stones ; he would wade into the river for them, followed by a cur dog, whom he would frequently call his Jacky, and even his Nancy ; and then mumble to himself,—thou wilt not leave me—we will dwell with the owl in the ivy.—A number of owls had taken shelter in it. The stones he waded for, he carried to the mouth of the hole, and only left just room enough to go in. Some of the neighbours at last recollected him ; and I sent to enquire what misfortune had reduced him to such a deplorable state.

The information I received from different persons, I will communi-

sate to you in as few words as I can.

Several of his children died in their infancy ; and, two years before he came to his native place, he had been overwhelmed by a torrent of misery. Through unavoidable misfortunes he was long in arrears to his landlord ; who, seeing that he was an honest man, and endeavoured to bring up his family, did not distress him ; but when his wife was lying in of her last child, the landlord died, and his heir sent and seized the stock for the rent ; and the person he had borrowed some money of, exasperated to see all gone, arrested him, and he was hurried to goal. The poor woman, endeavouring to assist her family before she had gained sufficient strength, found herself very ill ; and the illness, through neglect and the want of proper nourishment, turned to a putrid fever ; which two of the children caught from her, and died with her. The two who were left, Jacky and Nancy, went to their father, and took with them a cur dog, that had long shared their frugal meals.

The children begged in the day, and at night slept with their wretched father. Poverty and dirt soon robbed their cheeks of the roses which the country air made bloom with peculiar freshness.—Their blood had been tainted by the putrid complaint that destroyed their mother ; in short, they

caught the small-pox, and died.—The poor father, who was now bereft of all his children, hung over their bed in speechless anguish: not a groan nor a tear escaped from him: while he stood, two or three hours in the same attitude, looking at the dead bodies of his little darlings. The dog licked his hands, and strove to attract his attention: but for a while he seemed not to observe his caresses:—when he did, he said, mournfully, thou wilt not leave me—and then he began to laugh. The bodies were removed: and he remained in an unsettled state, often frantic: at length the phrenzy subsided, and he grew melancholy and harmless. He was not then so closely watched: and one day he contrived to make his escape, the dog followed him, and came directly to his native village.

After I received this account, I determined he should live in the place he had chosen, undisturbed. I sent some conveniences, all of which he rejected, except a mat: on which he sometimes slept—the dog always did. I tried to induce him to eat, but he constantly gave the dog whatever I sent him, and lived on haws and black-berries, and every kind of trash. I used to call frequently on him: and he sometimes followed me to the house I now live in, and in winter he would come of his own accord, and take a crust of bread. He gathered water-cresses out of the pool and would bring them to me

with nosegays of wild thyme,—which he plucked from the sides of the mountain. I mentioned before that the dog was a cur: it had the tricks of curs, and would run after horses' heels and bark. One day when his master was gathering water-cresses, the dog ran after a young gentleman's horse, and made it start, and almost threw the rider. Though he knew it was the poor madman's dog, he levelled his gun at it—shot it,—and instantly rode off.—Robin came to him, he looked at his wounds, and not sensible that he was dead, called him to follow him: but when he found that he could not, he took him to the pool, and washed off the blood before it began to clot, and then brought him home, and laid him on the mat.

I observed that I had not seen him pacing up the hills, and sent to enquire about him. He was found sitting by the dog, and no entreaties could prevail on him to quit it, or receive any refreshment. I went to him musely, hoping, as I had always been a favourite, that I should be able to persuade him. When I came to him I found the hand of death was upon him. He was still melancholy: but there was such a mixture of wildness in it. I pressed him to take some food: but, instead of answering me or turning away, he burst into tears,—a thing I had never seen him do before, and, in inarticulate accents, he said, will any one be

kind to me!—you will kill me!—I saw not my wife die—no!—they dragged me from her—but I saw my Jacky and Nancy die—and who pitied me, but my dog? He turned his eyes to the body—I wept with him. He would then have taken some nourishment, but nature was exhausted—and he expired.

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

Mr. Editor

I notice with a high degree of concern that very prevalent fashion card playing. Conversation which formerly used to be so instructing and pleasant is now almost destroyed. Father, Son, and Grand son are now frequently found at the same table with Grand mother, daughter & Grand daughter. Money appears as much an object of play at the private as at the public gambling house. Young ladies play with as much anxiety, and as great boldness as the men, they think little about winning six or eight dollars of an evening, and tell of their success, and of sitting up till midnight without a blush.

Present the following to your readers. It is from a series of letters addressed by the rev. John Bennet, to a young lady.

PRESTO.

Cards, which are the inseparable concomitants of tea visits, and introduced as soon as persons are well seated in company, are a very

equivocal pleasure, and by no means, to be much recommended. Little habits insensibly beget a passion for them; and a passion for cards murders time, money, talents, understanding, every thing that is rational in our nature, and every thing that is divine.

If experience did not convince us of the fact, one should never have imagined, that a *reasonable* creature would ever have been able to consume hours, days, weeks, months, years, in *counting over* the black and red spots upon paper and childishly to quarrel about their success—a creature who has understanding that is [capable of improvement to an infinite degree! a creature living in a world where knowledge is immense, and every flower or shrub a subject of astonishment—who has a temper, that requires continual watchfulness: a soul that needs unremitting cultivation; perhaps children, that call for incessant instruction; amidst objects of distress, for which *heaven* begs each superfluous penny, and in a body, that may any moment drop into the grave!

I will advert no longer, on the *moral* consequences. A woman who has a wish only to please, should not be much addicted to this practice. It is very apt to muffle the temper, and *discompose the features*; and a sour and an angry look is more destructive to *female* charms, than an high scorbutic flush, or the small-pox.

It is said in favour of cards that they prevent *scandal*, and are a substitute to many for the want of conversation. This conveys a severe stigma both on our hearts and understanding. It supposes, that we have few stores of entertainment *within* ourselves; and that the only way to avoid a *greater* error, is to fall into a *less*. Our moments, I fear, will not bear the scrutiny of conscience or reason, much less to spend them in an innocent and useful manner, without the *low* resource of either *scandal* or *play*?

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*From the Phil. Tickler.*

'Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated, needs but to be seen,  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

AMONGST the many vices, that infest a large and populous city, none is of a nature so spreading and malignant, as the practice of gaming; nor will it be very difficult to discover, why it has this mischievous pre-eminence, if we attend to the course of its operation and progress in the mind.—Other vices have something in their very aspect and colour, which shocks the moral sense, and are at open hostility with the good principles, or habits, that have been cherished in us by education, or examples; but we, as it were, force ourselves to look upon gaming as a practice in which we trust

to the issue of chance. We never look at its consequences, but hurry to the gaming table without reflecting upon the danger that may attend such a hasty step. We thus draw a veil over its disgrace and reproach, and give to it a degree of plausibility, which renders the temptation irresistible.

This vice has something in it, that charms and shocks the feelings at the same instant. It affords the gamester pleasure while engaged in the play, but creates remorse when the game is finished—when his fellow gamesters have been more successful than himself. This vice attacks us privately; it gradually undermines and destroys every virtue; it casts down every barrier that is set up to retain man within the bounds of what is laudible and becoming.

This is the reason why the practice of gaming is so successfully fatal. We first consider it merely as a pleasure, then as a business and as we suppose we can in this practice unite business with pleasure we pursue it with more ardour, than any other that engages mankind. It meets with less opposition than the other vices, as it appears to be more in unison with our principles. When a man becomes a gamester he is fit for no other employment whatever—hence the immortal Shakespeare observes, keep a gamester from his dice, and a good student from his books, and it is wonderful.—

His thoughts are all taken up in forming plans, by which he may be able to cheat his fellow gamers of their money, or regain his own, which he has had the misfortune to lose. 'Could we,' says an elegant writer, 'look in the mind of the common gamester, we would see it full of nothing but trumps and matadores: his slumbers are haunted with kings, with queens, and with knaves.'

How many useful citizens, has this detestible, this abominable, this vile practice, deprived our city of—how many a family has it hurried into wretchedness, misery and woe—how many a tear has it caused a tender father, and an affectionate mother to shed, by ruining a child upon whom all their hopes were placed, and in whom all their pleasures were centred?

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SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN  
TESTIMONY.

The following remarkable instance of the incertitude and danger of circumstantial evidence is extracted from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the year 1751.

A gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child a daughter, and appointed his brother to be her Guardian, and Executor of

his Will. The young lady was then eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or, if married without children, her fortune was left to her guardian, and to his heirs. As the interest of the Uncle was now incompatible with the life of the Niece, several other relations hinted that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the Uncle in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, & therefore, propagated rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the Uncle however, took his niece to his house near Epping Forest, & soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great inquiry was made after her, and it appearing, that the day she was missing, she went out with her uncle into the forest and, that he returned without her—he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long examination, in which he acknowledged, that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him, as they were returning home; that he sought her in the Forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the

death of his ward, and perhaps, the petulant zeal of other relations concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him. It was found that the young lady had been addressed by a neighbouring gentleman, who had, a few days before she was missing, set out upon a journey to the north ; and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned :—that her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in very strong terms : that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness, and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore, that on the day the young lady was missing, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness, upon which she drew nearer the place, and, before she saw any person, heard the same voice say, *don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me ;* upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a gun very near, she made all the haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man, who had murdered his niece to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the execution the young lady came home

It appeared, however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced :

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the North : but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the forest, till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback.—That as she was walking with her uncle, he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved ; and after much altercation, she said with some heat, *"I have set my heart upon it ; if I do not marry him, it will be my death ; and don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me ;"* that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a gun discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees, with a wood-pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot.—that coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted, and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the North, they retired to a house, in which he had taken lodgings, near Windsor, where

they were married the same day, and in about a week went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence, when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune which they had nadvertently brought up, on their uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere ; and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate inquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are culpable in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation.

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### ON MIMICRY.

Unfortunately for mankind, they are sometimes endued with many talents which, when wisely used, might be singularly beneficial, but appear most lively at at a time when the judgment is weak, and the foresight imperfect. No talent can possibly be more pleasing than Mimicry, and there surely is none the intemperate use of which procures more enemies. The reason is, that it affects those parts of our character which seem most connected with our pride. I have seen a man tamely bear to be cursed for a fool, branded for an infidel and laughed at for his ignorance : and yet when afterwards he understood that a mimic had entertained a company with his manner of walking and entering a room, he conceived a degree of rancorous malice against the mimic, which

he never abated to his dying day. There are thousands to whom pride is a much more beloved possession than 'character,' and who will suffer any imputation on the latter with meanness, but who resent what wounds their pride with a zeal bordering on madness.

The principal argument in favour of Mimicry is, that it may be a means of curing the foibles against which it is employed. But this can only be the case with a certain class of men of the most impartial sense and open judgment. This class being very thin I cannot help affirming, that with the generality of mankind this talent produces no effect but a thorough contempt for him who uses it. Some foibles there are which, satirized in a general manner, may be perhaps cured ; but if the satire is particularly pointed at one, that one individual becomes more obstinate than ever in adhering to his foibles. On these occasions the satirist must endeavour to perfect his cure with as little probing as possible ; for if the patient feels the smart of the curative instrument too acutely, he will be apt to exclaim, that the "cure is worse than the disease."

S Foote was the greatest mimic perhaps the world ever saw. His mimicry has been thus defended : 'When we attempt to give advice to a friend in private, he is generally offended with the freedom; the most propable means

then, of mending his errors and shewing our friendship is to expose his errors in public, that shame may drive him to correct them.'—But none who know their own hearts will think this a piece of just philosophy. When private admonition becomes ineffectual, the task of friendship is fully performed we must love our instructors not fear them. But to make a man repeatedly the laughing stock of thousands, is scarcely the part of humanity, especially as it is more natural for us to resent such an affront with the keenest indignation, than to amend what is alledged to need reformation.—

Besides, allowing that by this public exposure a man was incited to amend his follies, still how is it possible he should ever reconcile himself to the disagreeable idea, that these follies were discovered to many thousands, imprinted on their memories, and ready to be raked up when cause of obloquy occurred?

When mimicry, however is confined to general objects, nothing can be more useful, particularly in the relation of a story; but when it is employed to turn into ridicule worthy and amiable characters (perhaps clouded with some little improprieties,) it shews a baseness of mind which every man would wish to be thought destitute of. I have only to add on the subject, that few people are more loud in their clamour against Mimickry than they who possess

none of the art, and who are so conscious of their failings, as to dread the view of them at second-hand. For my part, I never remember to have laughed so heartily, nor to have been really better pleased, than once, when a celebrated mimic took me off in some improprieties of behaviour at table. This was done in a full company, and he soon after paid me the following compliment: 'Sir, were all whom I take off like you, my trade would soon want objects; for if I were now to mimic you for these awkwardnesses, nobody would give me credit, nor acknowledge the likeness.'

Yours,

MIRROR.

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#### A Solution of the Enigmatical list of Doctors in this city.

1 Post, 2 Hosack, 3 Hammer-sly, 4 Rogers, 5 Wilson, 6 KISSAM, 7 Tillary, 8 Birch, 9 Bruce, 10 M'Niven, 11 Manley, 12 Bailey.

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#### VARIETY.

##### ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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An honest Sailor, having his pockets stored with well-earned cash, determined on quitting his ship to indulge himself, by spending it like a *gemman*. According-

ly, on his arrival on shore, he hired a coach, and mounting the top of it, directed the driver to proceed on his voyage. A pedestrian shortly hailed the driver, to know if he had room to accommodate him inside. 'You will be pleased to ask his honor on the top of the coach, sir,' was the answer. The frolicsome sailor did not want entreaties to disclose his mind, which he did, much to the satisfaction of all parties, by saying—'You may get between decks, and welcome; but i'll be d—d if you shall come on the quarter deck.'

*Freemason's Magazine.*

#### PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT.

On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asking one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant—Plaintiff or defendant! says the sailor, scratching his head, *why I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I came to speak for that man there!* pointing at the prisoner.—You are a pretty fellow for a witness, says the counsel, *not to know what plaintiff or defendant means!*—Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time, *Abaft the binnacle, my lord,* says the sailor. *Abaft the binnacle!* replied the barrister, *What part of the ship is that?*—Ha! ha! ha! chuckled the sailor, *are not you a pretty fellow for a counsellor,*

(pointing archly at him with his finger) *not to know what abaft the binnacle is!*

The dutchess of Devonshire, while waiting in her carriage one day in the streets of London, observed a dustman, with a short pipe in his hand, looking at her. Having gazed a few seconds with intensesness, he broke into a smile and said—'Lord love your ladyship, I wish you would let me lite my pipe at your eyes!' Her Grace took it in good part, and was so pleased with the whimsical frankness of the compliment, that when any thing civil is said to her, she often remarks—'Very well; but nothing like the dustman. *ibid.*

A father holding his little son across his knees, and spanking his bottom, the little urchin bit him severely on the leg; on which his parent said, You young dog, how dare you bite me? The boy turned his head, and looking him in the face, said, Father, who began first? *Tickler.*

#### A NEVER FAILING RECIPE.

A young clergyman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky? Madam, replied he, I knew they could not live without contradiction so I let all of them have their own way.

## LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, April 25, 1812.

*"Be it our task,**To note the passing tidings of the times.*

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The OFFICE of the LADY'S MISCELLANY OF, WEEKLY VISITOR, will be REMOVED to NO. 28 FRANKFORT STREET, after the FIRST of MAY.—The LETTER BOX will be placed in the window after the above date, for the reception of Communications.

\* \* Those of our Patrons who intend changing their RESIDENCE, on the first of May, will please give Notice to the Office, in order that they may be served regularly.

## TREMENDOUS EARTHQUAKE.

Our Baltimore Correspondent, having favoured us with a proof-sheet of the Federal Gazette, enables us to anticipate the following melancholy particulars of an Earthquake at Carraccas, Laguiria, &c.

"By captain Betts, from Laguiria, we learn, that on the 26th of March, at 4 o'clock, P. M. there was a severe shock of an Earthquake, which destroyed nearly the whole of the city of Carraccas, and all the town of Laguiria, with all the neighbouring villages—ten thousand people were buried in the ruins; two thousand five hundred in Laguiria—one American only perished, viz. Mr. Crowell, of New-York. Four shocks were heard and felt on the night following, not heavy enough to do any damage. On the 27th, the survivors were employed in digging the dead from under the ruins, putting them in large lighters, carrying them outside of the shipping, and burying them in the

sea. On the 28th, the sea was so rough as to prevent them taking the dead off—then they built a large fire near the wharf, and commenced burning them, and burned about forty at a time in one fire. On the 29th, the stench had become so bad that they quit digging the dead from under the ruins. All the survivors pitched tents of the plains of Magetere. On the 4th of April, there was a very hard shock, which made the vessels tremble as if they had been on a reef of rocks in a heavy sea—and from on board the Independence, we could see the mountains move like a ship in a heavy sea, and large pieces scaling off them. At half past 5, the Independence sailed, so that we could not tell what damage had been done.

'Robert K. Lowry, esq. writes from Laguiria, under date of third instant, and mentions the confusion and dismay as indescribable; following the destruction by earthquake, is a terrible scene of robbery. He was preparing to sail immediately, with what he could snatch from the hands of plunderers, to Porto Cavello, which had escaped the shock.'

N. Y. Gaz.

*Extract of a letter from a lady of information at Natchez (Mississippi Territory) to a respectable lady in this town, dated March 7.*

'Since the date of your letter, we have had violent and repeated Earthquakes, which have rendered the navigation of the Mississippi river extremely dangerous—There have been instances of Islands sinking, during those shocks. Above Natchez, there was a body of land, thought to be 300 acres, totally sunk. It is asserted by a gentleman of veracity, that during 12 days of perpetual motion (great part of which time he was on the river) an is-

land sunk so effectually, that he floated over the tops of trees. He likewise asserts that an island on which he had landed, moved a considerable distance down the river during the night. Between this place and Tennessee, there has been charcoal thrown up in abundance. I think it truly alarming, both to the Christian and the sinner.—The savages of this southern clime appeared very much terrified;—some of them having migrated among the whites, hastily retired to their own boundary.


### CONDITIONS

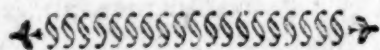
#### OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

The price is Two DOLLARS, per annum—distant Subscribers half yearly in advance, otherwise the papers will not be forwarded to them, except where there are Agents to collect the same.

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 **WANTED** immediately, an Apprentice to the Printing business, apply at this office.

✠✠

### Married.

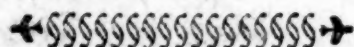
On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Samuel White, to Mrs. Ann Bergh, both of this city.

At Newark, Frederick Rook, of New-York, to Miss Mary H. Stights.

At Newark, John Coleman to Miss Polly Brown.

On Sunday evening last by the rev. Dr.

Cooper, David C. Van Alst, of Newtown L. I. to Miss Jane Hunter, daughter of George Hunter, esq. of this city.

✠✠

### Died.

Tuesday April 21.

It is with unmixed veneration for the character of the Revolutionary Hero, the Patriot and Statesman, combined in one that we announce that the venerable **GEORGE CLINTON IS NO MORE.** He expired about nine o'clock yesterday morning, at his lodgings in this city, after an illness of about four weeks continuance.

Immediately after the annunciation of the above melancholy event, both Houses of Congress adjourned. They meet to-morrow morning earlier than usual, to receive the report of their joint committee, and authorise necessary arrangements for the funeral obsequies.—Nat. Intel.

On Wednesday afternoon last, Dr. Joseph Trowbridge, formerly of Danbury, Conn. in the 51st year of his age.

On Thursday evening the 17th inst Mr. Thomas Ramage, aged 40 years.

On Sunday morning last, after a short illness, Mr Peter Brighton, in the 52d year of his age.

On Wednesday morning last, Captain James Deas, at his late residence in New Jersey.

On Wednesday morning last, Thomas Halsey, youngest son of John Halsey, of this city, aged 3 years and 6 months.

Suddenly, at his house in Stoke, England, Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Bart commander in chief of the Channel fleet.

In England, the lady of Sir J. Yorke :



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate.'*

SELECTED.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

The following tender and beautiful stanzas are copied from a late London Courier. They cannot fail to warm the finest feelings of the human heart. The lover of chaste and delicate poetry, the fond Parent, and the pious Christian, will each peruse them with peculiar interest and delight :

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD  
AT DAY BREAK.

*(By the late Rev. Richard Cecil.)*

"Let me go for the day breaketh."

"Cease here no longer to detain me :  
Fondest Mother drown'd in woe :  
Now thy kind carresses pain me,  
Morn advances—let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing !  
Harbinger of endless day :  
Hark ! a voice the darkness cheering,  
Calls my new born soul away !

Lately Launched a trembling Stranger,  
On the world's wild boisterous flood,  
Pierced with sorrow, tossed with danger  
Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,  
Now my trembling heart find rest ;  
Kinder arms than thine receive me,  
Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,  
Upward turning towards their Home:  
Raptured they will forget all anguish,  
While they wait to see thee come.

There my Mother, pleasures enter—  
Weeping, Parting, Care or Woe  
Ne'er our Father's House shall enter—  
— Morn advances let me go.

As through this calm, this holy dawning  
Silent glides my parting breath,  
To an everlasting morning,—  
Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings endless, richest blessings,  
Pour their streams upon thy heart !  
(Though no language yet possessing)  
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,  
though again his voice I hear :  
Rise ! may every grace attend thee,  
Rise ! and seek to meet me there."

Mr. Editor,

The following striking lines, copied from an old English Magazine for the year 1785, would, I have no doubt, be acceptable to most of your readers, by republishing them you will much oblige a friend to intrinsic worth.

"A PICTURE OF SUICIDE."

"Ah ! see beneath yon Abbey wall,  
Where thick the mantling ivy grows ;  
Crown'd by wide yew and cypress tall,  
Which shade the stream that mourn-  
ful flows.

There prone on yon bare joyless bank,  
A sullen spectre listless lies :  
Nor heeds bleak winds, nor vapours  
dark,

But earth, and air, and Heav'n defies.  
In tatter'd garb the fiend appears,  
With felon cordage firmly bound ;  
And in the bandage vile he wears  
Pistols and sheathless blades hung  
round.

One wither'd hand a cup sustains,  
Drugg'd to the brim with liquid fire;  
That spreads like lightning through the  
veins,  
And instant makes the wretch expire.

The other grasps beneath his vest,  
A dagger of envenom'd steel ;  
Whose slightest touch might pierce the  
breast,  
Whose slightest wound no art might  
heal.

Around his blood stain'd eye balls glare,  
Each wildly beat to quit its sphere ;  
Nor will the ardent orbits bear  
The moisture of a single tear.

Now upward would the monster scowl,  
But that each dark impending brow,  
Still spreading as the loud winds howl,  
Confines the impious sight below !

Oh shield me, Heav'n ! What means  
that light,  
Which pours such radiance o'er the  
stream ?  
It is Religion's banner bright ;  
The fiend is vanish'd like a dream."

#### IRISH POETRY.

Another volume of Irish Melodies, with  
characteristic words by Thomas More  
esq. and the symphonies by John Ste  
venson, has been published by Mr.  
Power—we extract the following ex  
quisite morsel, to give our readers an  
idea of the poetry. [London Pap.

AIR—"THE YELLOW HORSE"

HE.

What the bee is to the flowret,  
When he looks for honey dew,

Thro' the leaves that close embower it,  
That my love I'll be to you.

SHE.

What the bank, with verdure glowing,  
Is to waves that wander near,  
Whispering kisses, while the're going.  
That I'll be to you my dear,

SHE.

But they say the bee's a rover,  
That he'll fly when sweets are gone ;  
And, when once the kiss is over,  
Faithless brooks will wander on.

HE.

Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,  
If sunny banks will wear away,  
'Tis but right that bees and brooks  
Should sip and kiss them while they  
may.

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